Qu. Tis full of thy foule wrongs.
King. My fathers death.
Qu. Thy ſelfe hath that diſhonord.
King. Then by my ſelfe.
Qu. Thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe miſuſeſt.
King. Why, then by God.
Qu. Gods wrong is moſt of all:
If thou hadſt feard, to breake an oath by him,
The vnitie the King my brother made,
Had not beene broken, nor my brother ſlaine.
If thou hadſt feard to breake an oath by him,
The emperiall mettel circling now thy brow,
Had graſt the tender temples of my childe,
And both the Princes had beene breathing here,
Which now two tender play-fellowes for duſt,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes.
King. By the time to come.
Qu. That thou haſt wrongd in time orepaſt,
For *I* my ſelfe haue many teares to waſh
Hereafter time for time, by the paſt wrongd,
The children liue, whoſe parents thou haſt ſlaughtred,
Vngouernd youth, to wayle it in their age.
The parents liue whoſe children thou haſt butchred,
Old withered plants to waile it with their age:
Sweare not by time to come, for that thou haſt
Miſuſed, eare vſed, by time miſuſed orepaſt.
King. As *I* entend to proſper and repent,
So thriue I in my dangerous attempt,
Of hoſtile armes, my ſelfe, my ſelfe confound,
Day yeeld me not thy light, nor night thy reſt,
Be oppoſite, all planets of good lucke
To my proceedings, if with pure hearts loue,
Immaculated deuotion, holy thoughts,
I render not thy beauteous princelie daughter,
In her conſiſts my happineſſe and thine,
Without her, followes to this land and me,
To thee, her ſelfe, and many a Chriſtian ſoule,
Sad deſolation, ruine, and decay,
It cannot be auoided but by this:
It will not be auoided but by this:

There-

Therefore good mother
Be the atturney of my lou
Pleade what I will be, nc
Not by deſerts, but what
Vrge the neceſſitie and
And be not peeuiſh fond
Qu. Shall I be tempte
King. I, if the deuill te
Qu. Shall I forget my
King. I, if your ſelfes r
Qu. But thou didſt kil
Kin. But in your daug
Where in that neſt of ſpi
Selfes of themſelues to y
Qu. Shall I go win my
King. And be a happy
Qu. I go, write to me
King. Beare her my tru
Relenting foole, and ſha
Rat. My gracious ſou
Rideth a puiſſant Nauie,
Throng many doubtfull
Vnarmd, and vnreſolud
Tis thought that Richm
And there they hull, exp
Of Buckingham to welc
King. Some light-foot
Ratcliffe thy ſelfe, or Ca
Cat. Heere my Lord.
Kin. Flie to the Duke
When thou comeſt there
Why ſtandſt thou ſtil, an
Cat. Firſt mightie ſou
What from your grace I
King. O true, good C
The greateſt ſtrength an
And meete me preſently
Rat. What is it your hig
Kin. Why what would

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